



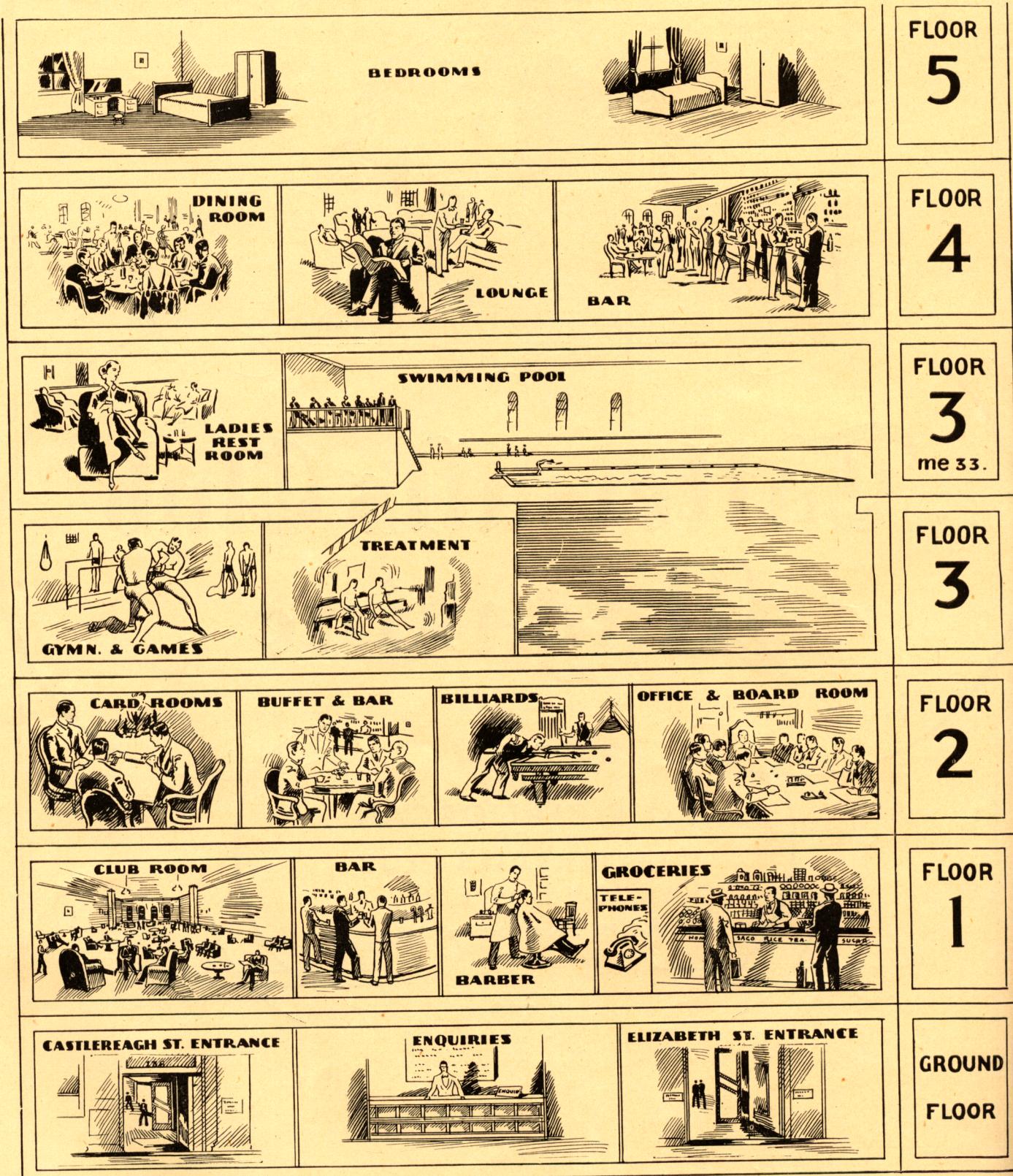
# Tattersall's Club Magazine

*The*  
**OFFICIAL ORGAN  
OF  
TATTERSALL'S CLUB  
SYDNEY.**

Vol. 15. No. 8. October, 1942.



# TATTERSALL'S CLUB





# TATTERSALL'S CLUB

137 ELIZABETH STREET  
SYDNEY

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A MAN'S CLUB is his retreat. Here he may withdraw from the distractions of life as it is lived robustly. Here, too, he may rest and reflect. And here, in a friendlier atmosphere, he may claim community with kindred souls, as well as with rivals, and declare a truce.

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This club is your club. Stored in its history are traditions time-honoured, associations born of men and events ranging back to 1858. You stand on what they founded and inherit their endowments.

It is for you to show loyalty to your club, to co-operate here in its worthy causes, and to discover here that the design for living may be ennobled by service and the personal commitments that go with service.

# The Club Man's Diary

OCTOBER BIRTHDAYS: 4th, Messrs. W. C. Goodwin, K. J. Patrick and L. C. Wicks; 5th, Messrs. E. A. Goldsmid and F. P. Robinson; 6th, Messrs. E. W. Bell and S. V. Toose; 7th, Mr. P. F. Miller; 9th, Rt. Hon. Ald. S. S. Crick (Lord Mayor of Sydney); 14th, Messrs. A. L. Cooper and H. Townend; 17th, Mr. T. D. Mutch; 21st, Mr. E. R. Deveridge; 22nd, Mr. D. S. Orton; 27th, Mr. A. J. Moverley; 31st, Capt. C. Bartlett and Mr. W. H. Cawsey.

\* \* \*

The rain it didn't "raineth every day" nor "droppeth as the gentle rain from heaven." It saved up for Tattersall's Club's meeting, and at intervals tumbled in torrents "upon this place beneath." Some of my friends said that the course was "holding." In that case, the course had it all on its own. At the end of the afternoon, punters in the majority might have been likened unto the fisherman who set out full of hope and returned with wet pants and without any fish. But he had had his day out, and so had we.

There were comforting reflections of "the big ones that got away." I was playing Rimveil, but pulled in the line and, re-casting, hooked one of those things that you throw back. Those who landed the son of Veilmund deserved their catch. He came downstream (or, rather, down course) like a schnapper—or is it a mullet which out-swims the finned family?

\* \* \*

Best hard-luck story was that told me by a visitor from Tasmania. In Beau Timide's race he had asked at the tote for a ticket on No. 13, Tide Mark. He was given No. 14, Beau Timide, and handed it back. A gambler—which he denied being—might have accepted the ticket he had been given originally as a gift of fortune. He told me that the hand-back had cost him £100.

Previously, this man had put £1 (as he believed) on Sachem, running that day in Melbourne. The bookmaker had written the ticket for Sarthorn. Again, the punter handed back the ticket. Sarthorn won.

Some fellows discarded form and went for a horse or horses bearing names relating to a rainy day (Tide Mark) and the war, such as Jungle King, Commando, War Bond, Air Link and Ensign. One club member supported Gundagai because he had seen him when he was a foal.

\* \* \*

I derive part of the pleasure of a race day from a round of the stables. Two that caught my eye were Veiled Threat and Niagara.

Outside the stall of Anpapajo I met Arthur Moverly, of the W. and S. Board, full of facts and statistics about catch-as-catch-canments, dams and run-offs. He thought that the rain should be welcomed at any time. Opinion is a matter of where you stand, almost as much as of how you stand. The views of bookmakers under dripping umbrellas, the rain running down their trousers and saturating their socks, would have been interesting and colourful. As we feel in the physical sense so we think, or most of us.

Oldest inhabitant of the course—91 years of age William Vanstone—turned back the pages of turf history and read me a chapter on his first Melbourne Cup; that run for in 1873, when Don Juan won. Owner Bill Thompson, the veteran recalled, built for himself a mansion in Melbourne out of his haul. Incidentally, this veteran put me on to Ron Rico.

Frank Carberry introduced me to Dr. McMahon between races. We three talked materialism which, we agreed, had clogged the thoughts of men and created within them demons which, through their evil promptings of lust for possession and power, had wrought ruin on the world. War was the product of materialism, we agreed. All the exalted reforms planned might fructify only through a general spiritual regeneration.

\* \* \*

An American serviceman spoke nostalgically of the dirt tracks down Maryland way. "We'd call Randwick a sod track," he said. "We call it turf," I mentioned. "What you call turf we call peat," he added, while agreeing that it all added up

to the same thing. A potato was no less a po-tar-to because of preferences in pronunciation. Similarly, a record was a rekud, and a schedule a skedule.

Boyd Lane volunteered that he found it more difficult to pick 'em on the course than to pot 'em in the club. Other regulars of the billiards department were in a similar frame of mind.

One of the horses I backed looked as handsome as ever; but, of course, handsome is as handsome does, even in a hansom cab.

\* \* \*

The Chairman (Mr. W. W. Hill) was his usual philosophic self. He agreed that a better day would have meant a bigger crowd. But, he reflected, the day was not so bad, taken generally, and the crowd was not so bad, in the circumstances. Take the goods the gods provide.

"There will be other days," the Chairman said, "and Tattersall's Club will always be to the fore in the good cause."

\* \* \*

"Three sections," I said to the tram conductor plainly on the way home. He held up one finger and inquired: "Two Sections?" I repeated (holding up two fingers): "Three sections." Thereupon he passed me the correct ticket. I thought what wonderful signallers we two would make—flagging "retire" when we meant "advance," and being perfectly understood by the troops.

\* \* \*

A man pinned under his car after an accident was being questioned by a policeman.

"Married?"

"Nope," said the man, "this is the worst fix I ever have been in."

\* \* \*

The Easy Chair has come down through history as symbolising respite from fatigue, sanctuary from bores, and a condition conducive to mental serenity. Now, officials having to do with schedules, priorities, bans and so forth are demanding a definition of "Easy Chair" for purpose of Clause 3 of Section A, Sub-section B, or something. As no lawyer has come forward with a

lucid definition, I must perforce quote a workaday furniture manufacturer. He says: "An Easy Chair is any chair that is upholstered." Probably not. Father's chair is generally upholstered. So are the chairs of the biggest manufacturers.

\* \* \*

History repeated itself in the story of gallant Captain Getting, of the Canberra, who, suffering wounds that proved fatal, still refused aid at hand, directing that others of his crew be tended. In the reign of Queen Elizabeth, the battle of Zut-denn was fought. The British General, Sir Phillip Sidney, lay wounded. Beside him was a gasping soldier. A member of the forces offered the General a drink of water. Sir Phillip Sidney took the flask and handed it to the wounded ranker, saying: "Thy need is greater than mine."

\* \* \*

I had to rub my eyes to discover that I was not "seeing things." There it was, the name Blair I. Swannell, printed in letters of gold on a Roll of Honour, set up originally by the Darlinghurst Liberal Debating Club (now defunct) and hanging on the wall of the luncheon room of the National Club in Ash Street.

Of course, we know how Blair's name got there. He was killed in action on Gallipoli as an officer of the A.I.F. What was news to me—as it probably will be news to many—was that the great forward of the early nineteen hundreds, who came first to Australia with Bidell Sivright's British team of 1904, and played subsequently for this State and Australia, had been inveigled into anything as tame as a debating club!

Really, when we come to look back, Blair was a quiet fellow away from the atmospherics of robust Rugby. He was a man of action in action—as he proved in the sterner game—more than a man of words. So, while his name shall shine for evermore, the mystery of his debating affiliation must remain, at least to us who remember—a mystery.

\* \* \*

Playing one of his best games, Doug. Lotherington wanted all the coloured balls, including a snooker, to win. The yellow lay in unmiss-

able position, with the others placed sweetly. Mr. Lotherington poised for the shot, observed all the rules as to stance, cue-grip and so forth and let go—to miss! "How did that happen?" his opponent inquired. "The table can't be true," Doug replied.

That's on the level.



*Lt.-Col. Derby Loudon on active service in the desert.*

Still fighting it out for snooker supremacy, Tom Sweet and Jerry Taylor were all square at the end of the 555th game. Their only breaks have been those for business, eating and sleeping.

May the best man win!

\* \* \*

The Right Hon. William Morris Hughes, P.C., should be able to contribute a piece to the horse-racing discussion. In other years, while taking a refresher in the country, he was given what was guaranteed "a nice, quiet hack." So quick off the mark did that animal prove, that Billy was left behind on the road. In the years intervening he hasn't been able to catch up on the person who supplied the hack. History tells that the fellow made off toward the horizon.

For a long time, W.M.H. nursed a broken collarbone. Once recovered, he sat behind the wheel of a motor car, of which the modern panzer is a direct descendant. Nobody challenged his right to the road.

Horseflesh done up in rolls is now being served on the Continent. This delicacy is said to be an acquired taste, like the shark you eat elsewhere in innocence for schnapper. We might imagine a scene in a restaurant, the waiter suggesting deferentially:

"We have some very nice steeple-chaser to-night, sir. I can recommend it grilled. Guaranteed not to make you jump in your sleep. Fell at its last four starts."

Guest: "Very good; but I would prefer something masticated more easily."

Waiter: "Well, what about a little whipped flank? Never ran a place in 14 starts. Brought home in its final outing by a leading jockey."

Guest: "No, on reflection, I think I'll try a little crushed withers, a slice off that fellow I backed at the last start—crushed out at barrier rise or rounding the turn."

Waiter: "Very good, sir. And, confidentially, that little mare, Slocum, starting to-day should be on the menu to-morrow."

\* \* \*

*Austerity has got us all,  
The lean, the fat, the short, the tall.  
There's no distinction 'twixt the sexes,  
None may indulge the old complexes  
Of spurning this and taking that—  
Prosperity has left us flat.*

*Alas, for introspective dreaming;  
At end is happy future scheming.  
We simply live from day to day,  
And pay, and pay, and pay, and pay!  
(Cheer up, despite this doleful verse  
Things might be still austere worse!)*

\* \* \*

*What price Austerity for the Table Steaks?*

\* \* \*

A brusque person got by mischance on to my business phone recently and demanded: "What number is that?" Politely I inquired: "What number are you calling?" He stormed: "Never mind—What number is that?" Still politely I answered: "This is the mental asylum, and it's one of the inmates speaking."

Thereupon I proposed to put down the receiver, but the fellow got in first.

*(Continued on Page 4.)*

## The Club Man's Diary

(Continued from Page 3.)

In his latest book, "Good Days," Meyrick Good, well-known as "Man on the Spot," of "Sporting Life" (England), tabulates the following in order of merit as Derby winners: Flying Fox, Sunstar, Hyperion, Windsor Lad, Bahran, Blue Peter. In the matter of judging, "I have always written," he says, "that medium-size stallions and mares are always the best to go on, and have not Fairway and Hyperion lived up to that dictum?" In short, he likes to see them symmetrical and streamlined. "Personally," he concludes, "I have never liked a horse more than Hyperion." He predicts a big boom in British bloodstock after the war.

\* \* \*

Lieut. R. Logan, younger son of Bill Logan, and grandson of the late John Logan, was killed in action in New Guinea. Life had held for him much promise. There was everything to live for. All he sacrificed cheerfully; and so he marches on with the splendid host of youth which knew where duty lay.

\* \* \*

Club member Bill Foster, Old Boy of The King's School, returned recently from active service abroad. His father, the late Jim Foster, owned Callingonal Stud, Gulgong, where the famous Rossendale stood.

\* \* \*

*It's a simple sum in addition  
It all works out to attrition:  
Put down what you make,  
Then take it away.  
And the more that you make,  
The more you must pay.*

\* \* \*

Two Oxford-accented women were conversing on a Rose Bay tram, loudly, constantly. When they had alighted, after the second section, an American soldier came out of the anaesthetic to announce to the passengers in general: "All stations may now resume their own programmes."

\* \* \*

Billy Kerr celebrated in September his 56th year of association with schools sport as official timekeeper; probably a world's record in time of honorary service and a record in

regularity of attendance. He missed out in one year only—1907, when he was abroad with Nigel Barker and Cecil Healey at the Olympic Games.

All weathers, rain or shine, Billy Kerr has held the watch with the same enthusiasm and exactitude for mugs as for champions. He has clocked the most famous athletes of two generations in Australia—in some cases unto the third generation of families. He has held the watch on awkward school boys who trained on to become sensations. Notabilities from overseas in all branches of sport—those who went off in the hope of breaking records, those who trained deliberately to smash records.

Once in his career he was offered a "good round fee" to turn out at all hours and in all weathers to time a cyclist who had been sent specially to Australia to pull down a record and so advertise the maker of a certain make of bicycle. Billy's answer was that he would do the job for goodwill. That's his way.

Only occasion when he feared his timepiece—which he regulated, and still regulates, daily—had let him down was when he made Nigel Barker run the 100 in 9 2/5 secs.! Started, he asked that the course be measured before declaring the time. The officials had left one peg out—meaning that the track measured only 90 yards!

In a lifetime of timekeeping he has clocked everything bar aeroplanes—and he is quite capable of doing even that. Newspapermen like Billy Kerr, in common with all who come into contact with him, for his courtesy and his correctness.

A story he tells against himself is that recently he was beaten at billiards in Tattersall's Club by 91-year-old William Vanstone.

\* \* \*

An American serviceman told me that he had only met her that afternoon, but he was a quick worker, and soon they were seated in Hyde Park. He began to tell her how lonely he was, so far away from home. That girl was sure impressed. But, what do you think? Let the American continue the story:

"I had just begun to tell her the story of my life when up comes a

dame with a basket and planks herself on the seat beside us. She takes out a ball of wool and settles down to knit. 'Now,' she says, 'don't let me disturb you two young people.' The girl gets up and says: 'Let's go. I know a fair dinkum wowser when I see one.' She hardly waited to say good-bye. Walked out on me. Well, for cryin' out loud!"

\* \* \*

Mr. and Mrs. J. Coleman visited Ganmain to patronise Wirths circus (reports the Ganmain "Gazette"). When approaching the "Big Top," the car subsided into a deep ditch. One glance was sufficient to assure Mr. Coleman that to extricate the car under its own power, the bank of the ditch would need to be dug away. Then it was that Mr. Coleman had his brain-wave. Mountainous shadows looming through the gloom could be recognised as elephants, so Mr. Coleman asked Miss Wirth for the loan of one of these powerful and intelligent creatures.

Mr. Coleman must have had some experience of elephants, for, as soon as the mahout brought his charge along, Mr. Coleman asked: "What is she, a puller or a lifter?" When told she was a puller, Mr. Coleman said it would be no good, as she would pull the radiator out. What he wanted was a lifter.

"When the "lifter" arrived a strong rope was put under the car, after which Mr. Coleman's approach to the elephant was most unorthodox. He wanted to put the ends of the rope in the elephant's trunk, but the elephant man explained at some length that such a thing simply was not done. He merely threw the rope ends loosely on the ground, when the patient pachyderm picked them up and put them in its mouth, appearing to gobble up the rope until both lengths were equally balanced and taut. Then it merely walked away with the car.

\* \* \*

Died on September 10 at a general hospital, on active service, Corporal Ron H. Sutton, gallant fellow, and well-loved club member. He went from Scone to New Guinea, where he became a theatre proprietor, but at the first shock of war in the Pacific, he joined up with the forces in that area.

# The Character of the British

To-day, British character and British tradition are being tested as they have not in the long period of British history been tested to prove that the greatness of the nation, its amazing ability to endure through trial and tribulation, lie in the qualities of the people, in the faith they cherish.

Here follows an article written as long back at 1897 by Henry Ryecroft in his Private Papers, and which in its fundamental truths holds good to-day. Ryecroft wrote:

It is the second Jubilee. Bonfires blaze upon the hills, making one think of the watchman on Agamemnon's citadel. (It were more germane to the matter to think of Queen Elizabeth and the Armada.) Though wishing the uproar happily over, I can see the good in it as well as another man. English monarchy, as we know it, is a triumph of English common sense. Grant that men cannot do without an overlord; how to make that over-lordship consist with the largest practical measure of national and individual liberty? We, at all events, have for a time solved the question. For a time only, of course; but consider the history of Europe, and our jubilation is perhaps justified.

For sixty years has the British Republic held on its way under one President. It is wide of the mark to object that Republics, which change their President more frequently, support the semblance of overlordship at considerably less cost to the people. Britons are minded for the present that the Head of their State shall be called King or Queen; the name is pleasant to them; it corresponds to a popular sentiment, vaguely understood, but still operative, which is called loyalty.

The nation is content to pay the price; it is the nation's affair. Moreover, who can feel the least assurance that a change to one of the common forms of Republicanism would be for the general advantage? Do we find that countries which have made the experiment are so very much better off than our own in point of stable, quiet government and of national welfare?

The theorist scoffs at forms which have survived their meaning, at privilege which wear bear no examination, at compromises which sound ludicrous, at submissions which seem contemptible; but let him put forward his practical scheme for making all men rational, consistent, just. Englishmen, I imagine, are not endowed with these qualities in any extraordinary degree. Their strength, politically speaking, lies in a recognition of expediency, complemented by respect for the established fact.

One of the facts particularly clear to them is the suitability to their minds, their tempers, their habits, of a system of polity which has been established by the slow effort of generations within this sea-girt realm. They have nothing to do with ideals; they never trouble themselves to think about the Rights of Man. If you talk to them (long enough) about the rights of the shopman, or the ploughman, or the cat's meat-man, they will lend ear, and, when the facts of any such case have been examined, they will find a way of dealing with them. This characteristic of theirs they call Common Sense.

To them, all things considered, it has been of vast service; one may even say that the rest of the world has profited by it not a little. That Uncommon Sense might now and then have stood them even in better stead is nothing to the point. The Englishman deals with things as they are, and first and foremost accepts his own being.

This Jubilee declares a legitimate triumph of the average man. Look back for threescore years, and who shall affect to doubt that the time has been marked by many improvements in the material life of the English people? Often have they been at loggerheads among themselves, but they have never flown at each other's throats, and from every grave dispute has resulted some substantial gain.

Assuredly the average Briton has cause to jubilate; for the progressive features of the epoch are such as he can understand and approve, whereas the doubt which may be cast upon its ethical complexion is for him either non-existent or unintelligible. So let cressets flare into the night from all the hills! It is no purchased exultation, no servile flattery. The People acclaim itself, yet not without genuine gratitude and affection towards the Representative of its glory and its power. The Constitutional Compact has been well preserved. Review the record of kingdoms, and say how often it has come to pass that sovereign and people rejoiced together over bloodless victories.

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# BILLIARDS AND SNOOKER

The World's Biggest Fluke — The World's Biggest Break — How and Where to Spot to Greatest Advantage — Official Rulings for Snooker Players.

"There was a fluke dead on and he missed it!" That staggering remark caught the writer's ears on entering our billiard room whilst members were laying a "foursome" at snooker. Investigation showed that one of the number had been "hitting round corners" with remarkable success but had, on this occasion, failed to collect. Under such circumstances one is justified in being facetious.

What is the biggest fluke on record? Many remarkable things have happened on the green cloth, but Joe Davis, snooker champion, claims to hold the belt. Here is the reason for his claim in his own words:—

"I was playing a trick shot during an exhibition for the National Air Raid Distress Fund (Eng.) and had placed the red and cue-ball on the top rail. The idea was to screw back into one top pocket and pot the red in the opposite corner. The shot is not at all difficult to professionals.

"Lo and behold, the cue-ball did its job to schedule, but the red, on reaching the brass-work at the other side of the table, decided to mount same and run round to the wood-work of the side-cushion and then career down the top of the rail and into the centre pocket. What a cheer! What a roar, accompanied with unabated laughter, which increased when I 'apologised' for the miss; I told them I had intended the red to travel right round the table!"

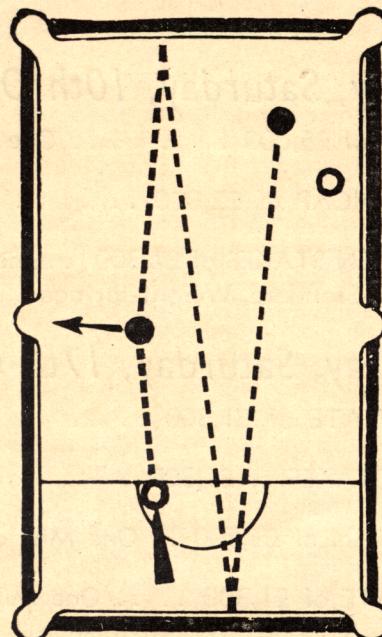
Joe Davis might be able to claim the fluking record for the shot described, but Thurston's, famous manufacturers, claim to have the biggest break ever on their list.

In 1940 during a blitz, a bundle of bombs hit the Leicester Square building and broke the match table to smithereens, while the Red Cross Billiards Antiquities Exhibition, on the ground floor, was a chaotic ruin. That, as far as is known, is the biggest break on record. Now bring out your Lindrums!

## Spotting for Position.

Now for something about correct spotting at billiards. This is of tremendous importance and must be studied by all who would improve their game.

Fred Weiss, old time champion of Australia, used to take an interminable period studying every shot before he fired. His argument was that



there were two thousand ways of playing every shot, and he had to narrow the methods down to one. Fred's multiplication or addition tables may have been a bit awry, but there are generally several different ways any shot can be played and, just as certainly, there is a best way. A shining example is shown in the diagram reproduced in the centre column.

With the cue-ball in hand, the veriest novice can argue correctly that he could score the in-off red from any spot in the D. It is also

true that with the third ball placed differently, he would not "spot" on the extreme point as indicated.

This time the shot is deliberately made wide because of the effect the cue-ball will have on the object-ball. Actually it is about the hardest way of all to play this particular in-off, but the reader will immediately see the whys and wherefores. No other spotting could achieve a similar leave—and easy "leaves" are the only road to success in break-building. They also clear the road of continuous fluking because when the striker knows what is going to happen the "mystery" shot is not on.

Professionals rarely fluke, because their knowledge of the game is too profound to permit of same, and they pay great attention to spotting when playing from hand. We lesser lights might well follow their example.

## Official Rulings.

In answer to several questioners, the following are rulings on snooker by the Billiards and Control Council:—

If all the spots are occupied, a pool ball, if potted, must be placed as near its own spot as possible, between that spot and the nearest part of the top cushion.

If the cue-ball is angled after a foul shot the striker plays from hand.

If a player fails to hit any of the reds in the break-up the penalty is four points away, and the next player continues from where the cue-ball comes to rest.

A player is liable to disqualification for giving a deliberate miss. The referee/marker is sole judge in such cases, of whether the shot was intentional or deliberate.

## AUSTRALIAN JOCKEY CLUB

•

# SPRING MEETING 1942

(To be held on Randwick Racecourse)

### *First Day, Saturday, 10th October*

The A.J.C. DERBY of £5,000 . . . . . One Mile and a Half

The EPSOM HANDICAP of £2,000 . . . . . One Mile

The COLIN STEPHEN STAKES of £1,300 . . . One Mile and a Half  
(Standard Weight-for-age)

### *Second Day, Saturday, 17th October*

The BREEDERS' PLATE of £1,300 . . . . . Five Furlongs

The GIMCRACK STAKES of £1,300 . . . . . Five Furlongs

The METROPOLITAN of £3,500 . . . One Mile and Five Furlongs

The CRAVEN PLATE of £1,300 . . . . One Mile and a Quarter  
(Standard Weight-for-age)

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## Warwick Farm November Meeting 1942

(To be held on Randwick Racecourse)

First Day, Saturday, 21st November — Second Day, Saturday, 28th November

# The Malprinkaroo Cup Meeting

*By The Club Man*

McGoorty was always in at the parties but never in on the celebrations beyond the fringe where sobriety slipped and sprawled into ineptitude.

The wraith of that terrible dawn pursued him from boyhood. It fell behind as the years went on, only to catch up and confront him whenever he was tempted to tilt the wrong bottle.

It was all because of McGoorty's father.

When he came home after the third day's carousal from the pub down the road and chased the whole family around the homestead, brandishing an axe, before taking a razor to his throat, young Pat McGoorty made a vow.

The years brought him great success, and with it the temptations that go with great success. But the president of the Malprinkaroo show committee and of the Malprinkaroo race club — as McGoorty became — stacked the tables with strong stuff, filled the Malprinkaroo Cup with champagne, but himself drank the toasts in ginger ale.

They were a hard-working, hard-living, hard-drinking colony at Malprinkaroo. The fact of their president being a teetotaller was one of those paradoxical antics that life gets up to occasionally.

At the local option poll he spoke against prohibition and worked for continuance. He declared that he desired to remain a social being, and that his own teetotalism was not inconsistent with a desire to let others enjoy their drink.

Pat McGoorty grew old with his principles. He was revered. He raised a fine family, and felt that magic of all magics — the presence of grandchildren.

Pat McGoorty's sixty years in Malprinkaroo was made a gala day by the local show committee and the race club in collaboration.

This time they changed the title of the Malprinkaroo Cup, after 40 years, to the McGoorty Cup.

"Pat," they whispered, "it would be fitting for you to win that cup."

McGoorty laughed. His grass-fed entries were not of much account

this season, and he had never had the luck to breed another like Patron, a winner of the Malprinkaroo Cup. "But," he said, a twinkle in his eye, "the old gray mare might win, so she might." She had carried him to and from the selection these years, to town, to meetings of the show committee and of the race club.

No wonder they all laughed.

\* \* \*

It was the night before the great day of the McGoorty Cup that the committee of the race meeting put on a splendid dinner in honor of their president. The oldest inhabitants were there, men with whom Pat had been acquainted since boyhood. Their sons and their grandsons were there, too. And the toast was "Pat McGoorty."

McGoorty remembered looking at the gathering and being overcome by a surge of good fellowship, such as he had never experienced before. He remembered, as the chairman spoke in his praise, trying to muster words to reply. His mind was a blank. He tried to fight his way out of whatever held him in paralysis as the gathering rose and sang to the accompaniment of the local band, and as the raised glasses, sparkling with champagne, seemed like so many magic lanterns. He remembered trying to quench his welling emotions by reaching across and seizing one of those magic lanterns . . . of tilting it.

That which was suppressing him relaxed suddenly. His words flowed in a fine torrent, effortlessly. The punctuation of cheers stimulated him. He drank from another glass. The place was transformed into a fairyland of lights . . . and he remembered finally his old friend, Mark Tiltholt, saying: "Now, Pat, you mustn't try to ride the old gray mare home. You must let me drive you in my buggy. . . ." \*

Members of the show and the race club committees were there to greet Pat McGoorty as he arrived at the course, and escorted him to the stand.

He remarked on how well the course looked after the dry season.

Even the rose gardens were aflame. The women, he had never seen them look so bewitching. But the strange thing about it all was that everybody was so young. It seemed as though the whole scene had slipped back thirty years. Joe Toothill he had believed dead, but there was Joe astride a horse again with the old colours up. And Matt Fenlon, his grey beard had gone.

McGoorty might have been puzzled about it all until a glance in the glass revealed to him that he, too, had lost his beard, and had his black moustache of other years.

"Hi, Joe!" he shouted to Toothill. "What about riding the old grey mare for me in the Cup? She's a wee bit old, but you know how to drive 'em along."

"Delighted, Mr. McGoorty," said Joe.

But when the old grey mare paraded with Joe aboard McGoorty observed that she was no longer old. She was back in her best racing trim.

The race for the Cup provided a desperate finish as at the straight entrance the grey mare and Felon—which McGoorty recalled had won on the same course 30 years previously—drew away from the field, and raced neck and neck. Finally, Joe practically lifted his mount across the line, amid a deafening roar, to win the Cup by a short head.

The crowd surged around Pat McGoorty as he led in the winner and . . .

McGoorty was conscious of someone's shaking him . . . shaking him . . . shouting at him. The scene evaporated and he sat up in bed with a fright demanding to know of his son, Mike, what all the fuss was about.

"Wake up, Dad, wake up!" Mike kept saying. "You've got to go to the race meeting in your honor today and present the McGoorty Cup to the winner."

McGoorty sank back on his pillow.

"Wake up yourself," he said. "I've just come from the meeting and the Cup was won by the old grey mare."

# CURING THE SICK MIND

Condensed from an article in *Hygeia*  
 (By Lois Mattox Miller)

Phineas P. Gage was a quarry foreman who died in 1860. His brain is preserved in a Harvard museum. A premature dynamite blast drove a crowbar into Phineas' jaw and out through the top of his head. He lived on for 12 years, healthy in body. But his judgment was impaired, and he became dishonest, undependable, given to violent fits of rage. When Phineas died it was found that only the left prefrontal lobe of his brain had been destroyed.

This was perhaps the first real evidence that the higher functions of the brain—intellect, reason, judgment—are in its extreme front. Farther back, approximately between the ears, lies the thalamus—source of the primitive emotions, worry, fear, love, hate.

Presumably the thalamus is at war constantly with the higher centres in the prefrontal lobes. Over con-

nnecting nerves it pours forth a steady stream of raw emotions, which must be controlled by the intellect. But sometimes the primitive force of the thalamus begins to dominate. Then the symptoms of certain mental disorders take a firm hold.

Dr. Egas Moniz, a Lisbon neurologist, determined in 1936 to try the surgical treatment of certain mental ills. He proposed to cure the sick mind by severing the nerve pathways that links the thalamus with the prefrontal lobes. He bored holes in the skulls of mental patients who had failed to respond to other treatment, inserted an instrument not unlike an apple-corner, and cut the connective nerve tissue in the frontal area. Patients were relieved of their exaggerated worry, fear and melancholia. The operation was particularly successful in cases of "agitated depression."

Thus psychosurgery was born. Drs. James W. Watts and Walter Freeman, of George Washington University, made improvements. They perfected an instrument called a leucotome, which is a thin, hollow shaft containing a rotating blade. Through holes bored in the temples, the leucotome is pushed deftly through the brain, and a few turns of the blade separates the nerve tissue. Since the brain itself is insensitive to pain, the operation is performed under a local anaesthetic.

Psychosurgery is still on trial and used only as a last resort. But it has been performed in this country on several hundred patients afflicted with abnormal fears. Results have been good in about 65 per cent. of cases, fair in 20 per cent., and poor in 15 per cent.

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# NAPOLEON'S RETREAT FROM MOSCOW

(By Edwin Muller)

On the morning of September 14, 1812, the Grand Army reached its supreme goal.

The advance guard came to the top of rising ground, looked out over the flat plain beyond. There under a leaden sky a dingy-white line stretched half across the horizon. Above it, floating like bubbles, were the soaring cupolas of an Oriental city. Moscow.

The Emperor's keen eyes picked out a group of towers higher than the rest — the Kremlin. Napoleon was well content. He dismounted and prepared to receive the deputation that would come from the city begging terms.

It was the climax of the greatest blitzkrieg in history — before or since. In 82 days the Grand Army had fought its way 700 miles — amazing speed for horse transport and men afoot.

It was the largest organised fighting force since the time of Darius. Half a million men had crossed the Niemen on June 24 and the days following. Among them were armies from most of the conquered states of Europe: Prussia, Austria, Italy, Poland, Switzerland, Saxony, Hesse, Westphalia. But the core of the Grand Army was the French, those men who had never been beaten, whose best weapon was their legend of invincibility.

They had driven on through the heat and dust of the summer, pushing the Russians before them, at last forcing battle at Borodino. There, almost as a matter of course, they had won. The victory was costly, 35,000 Frenchmen killed

and wounded. But it had opened the road to Moscow and here they were.

Now only one obstacle to world conquest remained — Britain. Britain, who had thwarted him before, who had refused the secret truce which he had sent his brother to negotiate, who had pulled strings here in Russia to set the Czar against him.

Thus Napoleon Bonaparte stood before Moscow, a dark, scowling, hard little man — in a fair way to rule the world.

If he had a weakness it was a rather vulgar love of pomp, of the spectacular and dramatic. He loved especially occasions like this, when conquered princes and deputations bowed before him.

This particular deputation was unaccountably delayed. The Emperor, impatient, sent couriers to hurry it up. After a long time they returned — with a strange tale, so strange that Napoleon went to see for himself.

He entered the city by the great double gate. There was no one there to meet him. He rode through the streets. No one stood at the kerbs, none looked from the windows. Over all was heavy silence. Patrols were sent into houses, to bring out the inhabitants. There was nobody to bring. Palaces, hovels, churches, stores stood empty.

The Emperor went into the great enclosure of the Kremlin. He entered the royal apartments. The clocks were still ticking, but there was not one human being. Searchers through the city rounded up a

mere handful of poor and ignorant folk. From them nothing could be learned.

An uneasy feeling took hold of Napoleon. Things that he had seen since he entered Russia assumed new meaning. The devastation, for example — peasants and livestock gone, their houses burned, their crops destroyed.

He began to wonder a little what was in store for him in this strange country.

But he dealt with the situation in his usual methodical way. He established quarters in the Czar's apartments, gave orders to occupy the city, sent a force to make contact with the enemy.

The soldiers, too, dealt with the situation in their way. They broke into stores and palaces, loaded themselves with furs, silks, paintings, silverware. They found great stocks of wine and brandy — made full use of them. Discipline relaxed.

At noon next day — the 15th — the guard on the walls of the Kremlin saw wisps of smoke in the northern section of the city. Presumably chance fires started by careless, drunken soldiers. Sappers sent to keep the fires from spreading returned with a disquieting report. The city's fire engines had disappeared.

Other fires were seen in the east. Then in the south. Finally a patrol caught a Russian setting a blaze.

A rising wind merged the separate fires until the whirling smoke was a flat ceiling over all the city.

All that night Napoleon stood on the Kremlin walls watching — silent. (Continued on Page 13.)

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Next day he was persuaded to leave. The city was one great plain of fire, four miles across.

For a whole week it burned.

The Kremlin alone escaped. The Emperor returned to it.

In those days Napoleon spoke little. He seems to have been in a puzzled state of mind. He couldn't believe that the rulers of even a barbarian nation could have ordered such a deed — at one stroke to have made 300,000 of its people homeless. Even he couldn't grasp so vast an indifference to the lives of individuals. He began to think, too, of the hundreds of miles of burned villages and devastated fields that lay behind, on the road home.

Moscow's grain warehouses had been burned and foraging parties sent out into the country brought back little. In other conquests Napoleon had always found traders who, for gold or paper, would supply all he needed. He didn't find them in Russia. The army began to be hungry. Discipline relaxed a little more.

Even now Napoleon believed that his defeat of the Russian army, his occupation of the Russian metropolis, marked a decisive end of the war. It always had. He sent a mission to St. Petersburg to offer peace terms to the Czar — terms a little more generous than he had first intended.

There was comfort in the fact that the weather stayed fine. It was a lovely October — crisp in the morning, but calm and sunny all day. Once a few flakes of snow fell, but then it turned warm again.

Weeks went by and no reply came from the Czar. It became increasingly apparent that no reply was coming.

Napoleon broke out in a petulant fury of exasperation. He summoned his generals and announced that he would march on St. Petersburg. Always in the past Napoleon's decisions had been final. But this was an impossible plan. His line of communication was already strained to the breaking point—and winter was coming. The generals didn't so much argue against the project as kill it by their silence. Nothing was done about it.

At last it was manifest — even to him—that the only thing to do was to turn back.

On October 18 the Retreat began.

Of the huge army that had crossed the Niemen the greater part had never reached Moscow. Some guarded the line of communication and garrisoned the cities on the route. Many had been lost in skirmishes and guerrilla fighting. More lay dead on the field of Borodino. The army that now marched out of Moscow numbered 100,000.

Seven hundred miles to the Niemen. Every mile like every other. A country very like the prairies of Kansas—dead flat for endless miles, then a slight roll that makes the rest seem even flatter. Dotted with islands of woodland, crossed by sluggish streams that wound crookedly through broad swamplands.

The road ran straight without a turn. As far as one could see, it was a slow moving stream of guns and wagons. On each side the infantry marched. On their flanks rode cavalry. An organised army, still.

From the very start they were hard-up for food. Now every driver had to watch his team to keep it from slaughter — though there

wasn't much meat left on the animals. Whenever a thatched hut was found the straw was pulled out and fed to the starving beasts.

Behind the army the road was littered with abandoned loot — fine books, pictures, silverware. Wagons and guns began to be abandoned, too; not enough horses were left to haul them. But the French still had strength to fight off the Russians who were following at their heels.

Gloom settled over the marching army. There was one horrible day when they passed the battlefield of Borodino. The 35,000 French corpses and 40,000 Russians were still there—rotted, half-eaten by the wolves.

Then, suddenly, the winter struck.

On the night of November 5 the army lay bivouacked for miles along the road. A wind arose—blew harder and then harder. It came from the northeast, from the frozen steppes, and for a thousand miles there was nothing to check it. Snow came with it — heavier as the night went on. The snow drifted and the bivouac fires went out, one by one. The cold was such as these Frenchmen had never known.

Great numbers were frozen to death that night. From that time on the army never escaped for a moment the Russian winter.

The supply service went to pieces. The only way to get food was to leave the line of march and go foraging over the countryside. The long column began to break up into little groups going off on their own.

(Continued on Page 16.)



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### NOTICE

The Committee is finding it increasingly difficult to provide Members with the comfort, service and amenities to which they have been accustomed.

The problem of providing satisfactory service, owing to difficulties regarding staff and supplies, is an ever-present one, and the Committee seeks the assistance of Members in limiting to a minimum the number of guests they invite to the Club.

The Committee has no desire to curtail any of the privileges at present extended to Members, but unless a substantial reduction in the number of invitees is secured such a position must arise.

In making this suggestion, the Committee hopes for the co-operation of all Members.

T. T. MANNING,  
Secretary.

17/9/1942.

# The Dinner Party

(From "The Saturday Review of Literature.")

I first heard this story in India, where it is told as if true — though any naturalist would know it could not be. Later I learned that a magazine version of it appeared shortly before the First World War. This account, and its author, I have never been able to track down.

The country is India. A colonial official and his wife are giving a large dinner party. They are seated with their guests — army officers and Government attaches and their wives, and a visiting American naturalist — in their spacious dining room, which has a bare marble floor, open rafters and wide glass doors opening on to a verandah.

A spirited discussion springs up between a young girl who insists that women have outgrown the jumping-on-a-chair-at-the-sight-of-a-mouse era and a colonel who says that they haven't.

"A woman's unfailing reaction in any crisis," the colonel says, "is to scream. And while a man may feel like it, he has that ounce more of nerve control than a woman has. And that last ounce is what counts."

The American does not join in the argument but watches the other guests. As he looks, he sees a strange expression come over the face of the hostess. She is staring straight ahead, her muscles contracting slightly. With a slight gesture she summons the native boy standing behind her chair and whispers to him. The boy's eyes widen: he quickly leaves the room.

Of the guests, none except the American notices this or sees the boy place a bowl of milk on the verandah just outside the open doors.

The American comes to with a start. In India, milk in a bowl means only one thing — bait for a snake. He realises there must be a cobra in the room. He looks up at the rafters — the likeliest place — but they are bare. Three corners of the room are empty, and in the fourth the servants are waiting to serve the next course. There is only one place left — under the table.

His first impulse is to jump back and warn the others, but he knows the commotion would frighten the cobra into striking. He speaks quickly, the tone of his voice so arresting that it sobers everyone.

"I want to know just what control everyone at this table has. I will count three hundred — that's five minutes — and not one of you is to move a muscle. Those who move will forfeit 50 rupees. Ready!"

The 20 people sit like stone images while he counts. He is saying

.... two hundred and eighty . . . when, out of the corner of his eye, he sees the cobra emerge and make for the bowl of milk. Screams ring out as he jumps to slam the verandah doors safely shut.

"You were right, Colonel!" the host exclaims. "A man has just shown us an example of perfect control."

"Just a minute," the American says, turning to his hostess. "Mrs. Wynnes, how did you know that cobra was in the room?"

A faint smile lights up the woman's face as she replied: "Because it was crawling across my foot."

## TELL HIM NOW

If with pleasure you are viewing  
Any work a man is doing—

If you like him or you love him,  
tell him now.

Don't withhold your approbation  
Till the Parson makes oration

And he lies with snowy lilies on  
his brow.

For no matter how you shout it,  
He won't really care about it;

He won't know how many tear  
drops you have shed.

If you think some praise is due him  
Now's the time to slip it to him,

For he cannot read his tombstone  
When he is dead.

## THE FIRST AIR RAID

The first air raids in history occurred 93 years ago when Austria repeatedly bombed the rebellious city of Venice from altitudes up to 4500 feet. Franz Uchatius, an Austrian army engineer, had been experimenting with balloons inflated with hot air from a stove suspended beneath them. He proposed to let them drift over Venice, each equipped with a time device that would drop a bomb. The army high command rejected the idea, but the Emperor told him to go ahead.

Uchatius built an air fleet of 100 balloons, but could get enough stoves to equip only 50. With these ready he established headquarters on the warship "Volcano," shifted its position until trial balloons drifted over the city, then launched his first bomber. The bomb exploded in the midst of crowded streets. The unexpected menace from the skies created mad panic. Many persons were trampled as they jammed the narrow bridges over the canals. Day after day, Uchatius released his balloons. A series of accidents due to faulty construction increased the dire effect of the balloons. Some became so overheated, that they caught fire, dropping burning silk, wickerwork, wood and fragments of stoves as well as bombs. The Venetians quickly learned not to shoot at the balloons because the flames were even more dangerous than the bombs. Fire destroyed several buildings before the demoralised people could organise a bucket brigade. The air raids killed only four persons and injured 26, but the effect of the bombardment on the morale of the population was tremendous. The people were so terrified that no one dared to leave or approach the city; Venice, dependent on shipping for its food, came near to starvation.

The city was on the point of surrender when suddenly the air raids ceased. Rival officers, making much of the expense and the haphazard results of the raids, were able to block Uchatius' request for more stoves without which his remaining 50 balloons were useless.

Released from the spell of aerial terror, the Venetians rallied and broke the Austrian siege.

## Napoleon's Retreat from Moscow

(Continued from Page 13.)

It has been said that Napoleon shared the hardships of his men. He did not. He kept fairly warm and well fed on beef and mutton, white bread, even his favourite Burgundy. He rode in a carriage, bundled in furs. Sometimes the carriage would jolt heavily over the bodies of men lying in the road, frozen to death—or not yet quite dead.

The hero of the Retreat was Marshal Ney, as he brought up the rear, protecting the struggling columns from the stabbing attacks of the pursuing Russians. Once Ney was cut off from the main body. Napoleon didn't halt or try to re-establish contact. Eventually the Marshal, by a brilliant attack, fought his way back to rejoin his chief.

The Cossacks were the worst scourge of the Grand Army. They were tough, hairy little men, bearded to the eyes. They wore hairy caps and coats, rode shaggy little horses. They had short bow-legs and it seemed as if horse and rider had grown together. They carried long lances and rode to the attack with shrill, fierce cries.

They would hide in patches of woodland, ride out suddenly on cold, weary men looking for food, or gathered stiffly around a campfire. Sometimes they stripped their victims and herded them naked ahead of their horses until they fell and died. Sometimes the butts of their lances would rise and fall, the points stab down again and again. The snow would be crimson.

It got colder. The record shows somewhere between 30 and 40 below zero. But even in the bitter cold the soldiers would sweat as they struggled through snowdrifts. Then at night, as they slept on the ground, the damp clothes would freeze solid. The heat drained out of their bodies like fluid. Each camp site was marked by hillocks covering the dead.

The route was cluttered by abandoned guns and wagons. Few horses were left. Their ribs stuck out and they staggered in the traces. Groups of men followed each team. When a horse fell the crowd pounced on it, cutting it to pieces

while it was still alive. They fought to drink the warm blood.

Snow blindness made hundreds helpless; others went mad.

Some few tried to help those who had fallen and were freezing. But the men on the ground would plead to be left alone, to be allowed to sleep.

The last encounter that could be called a battle was at the crossing of the Beresina River. They had hoped to find it frozen solid so that they could cross on the ice. But it was only half frozen, with big ice cakes churning down the current.

Sappers managed to construct two bridges, while the rear guard with difficulty held off the Russians. For a while an orderly crossing was maintained. The Emperor got safely across. Then one bridge broke and soon the Grand Army became a struggling mob, fighting to get on the other bridge. Russian cannon ploughed lanes through the solid mass of men—a target half a mile wide and two miles thick. It is said that in the spring 12,000 bodies were taken from the Beresina.

Across the river the remnant of the army staggered on.

The story has no one end, but a series of small, tragic endings, as little groups desperately seeking food were overcome by starvation or trapped by Cossacks.

It is not known how many straggled out of Russia. The organised army that finally reached Königsberg numbered about 1,000.

The Emperor was not with them. Early in December he had fled in disguise to Paris. To his companion on that journey he railed against England. He made new plans for attacking Britain—impossible plans.

He knew that the news of the Retreat had reached Paris before him. He arrived like a dog who wonders whether he'll be whipped. But the French—and it must have astonished him—were still loyal. He resumed the pomp and ceremony of his court—still Emperor.

But the Retreat had finished him. Not at once. For more than two years he twisted and turned. It was

no use—the conquered races of Europe, seeing that he was not invincible, rose against him. His own people began to fall away from him. In the end he was beaten for good by the tenacity of the British at Waterloo.

There were a few years left to him on his dreary little island—where he perpetually explained how he had always been right. Then a dreary death.

As Victor Hugo said, God was bored with him.

## MAKING NITWITS OF THE NAZIS

When the German Commissioner at The Hague ordered a bookseller to remove a picture of Queen Wilhelmina from his window, the bookseller replaced the picture with a full-length photograph of Hitler. Around the Fuhrer's photograph he arranged copies of a book by a famed Dutch swimming coach, Frau Braun. Title: "How Do I Learn to Swim?"

To trick British airmen into wasting bombs, the German Army of Occupation in the Netherlands built a vast fake airfield of wood, with hangars and planes painted on it. Next night a lone British bomber flew overhead, dropped a lone wooden bomb.—"Time."

Just after the invasion of Norway, a big German ship laden with munitions came into Bergen. Anxious to get it unloaded as quickly as possible, the Germans went around to all the big employers asking for men to start work next morning at 7 a.m. The reply everywhere was: "There is no work here now for our men, so they have all gone up into the mountains." At last the Trades Union Secretary, under strong pressure, gave way. Would the Germans, he inquired, allow him to speak on the radio? Certainly they would. He thereupon broadcast an urgent appeal to all his men to be at Dock X at 7 a.m. prompt, next morning, to unload munitions from a big German ship.

At a quarter to seven next morning the roads leading to the quay were black with men, their faces turned skyward. At ten minutes to seven the R.A.F. arrived and sank the ship.—Four Winds in "Time and Tide."

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## CASINO

**C**ASINO, on the Richmond River, set amidst a wealth of dairying, maize and lucerne land, is on the Grafton-Lismore-Murwillumbah line. Although hot in summer, the winters are beautiful, and the river which flows through this rich and beautiful district may be said to be a never-failing life giver.

First settlement was made in this district during the late 1830's, when Clay and Stapylton took up the land now comprising Casino and its surroundings under the pre-emptive right system and established a cattle station.

Pioneers, in the shape of cedar-getters, those rum-drinking, hard living adventurers, had already made inroads, and the local aborigines were familiar with the sound of the axe as millions of feet of splendid cedar were felled, to be rafted down the river for shipment to Sydney.

Clay and Stapylton gave to their holding a name which excited a great deal of comment for some thought that "Cassino" represented a game of cards, but it is understood that Mr. T. Stapylton actually named his station after a "commune" or settlement in Southern Italy from where he came—Cassino.

Travellers going northward crossed the Richmond River at the point known as "The Falls," and to cope with the increasing flow of uninvited guests on to their property, Clay and Stapylton constructed an inn and placed John Mearley in charge. This house afterwards became the famous "Durham Ox" Hotel, and it was the nucleus of the town of Casino.

In the year 1855, Sir Thomas Mitchell, Surveyor-General, gave instructions to licensed surveyor F. S. Peppercombe to proceed to Cassino on the Richmond River and to select a suitable site for a township in the vicinity of "The Falls," and it was whilst the plan for the town was being approved by the Lands Department in Sydney that officials changed the spelling of the name to that of Casino.

Prominent pioneers and station owners about the middle of the last century included, in addition to Clay and Stapylton, Clarke Irving, Ward Stephens, W. C. Buncle, Fred Bundock, Sir John Jamieson and also Messrs. Shaw, Leycester, Pagan and Evans and Hamilton.

The first barely formed road was from

Lawrence and Grafton, on the Clarence River to Casino, and over the track, mis-called a road, from Lawrence, came supplies of food when the bar across the mouth of the Richmond made it impassable for any but the smallest craft. The mails also came by this route from Tenterfield over 100 miles off, and the first coach was constructed and used on this road by J. L. Vesper, of Tattersall's Hotel, Casino.

The principal industries in these early days were stock-raising and timber getting, but with the passing of Sir John Robertson's Free Selection Land Act, came a great deal of agricultural expansion, and although many settlers arrived about this time, it fell to Mr. T. Reeves of Fairy Hill to launch out into a dairying project, and to this sturdy pioneer must go the credit for founding what is to-day the most important industry of Casino and district—dairying.

About October, 1870, Robert Gordon Bulmer published the first newspaper in Casino—the Richmond River Express and Tweed Advertiser.

Five years later came the first public school and the establishment of the Agricultural and Horticultural Society.

In 1875 steamers trading up the Richmond River included among others the "Examiner," "Shoalboy" and "Welcome Home."

The roads by this time were improving, and in the same year 1875, Casino, with a population of 400, possessed a Court House, Post and Telegraph Office, a bank, 7 hotels, 4 stores, a Church and the Irving Bridge over the Richmond River.

In 1880 local government came to Casino, and Messrs. Crouch and Gulley occupied the Mayoral Chair alternately for many years.

The railway line which linked Casino to Murwillumbah via Lismore greatly aided settlement, and on 9th October, 1903, the Governor, Sir Harry Rawson, performed the opening ceremony.

Two years later the town was linked southward with the city of Grafton, and in 1909 northwards to Kyogle.

Water, gas and electricity supplies were gradually added as Casino progressed through the years to the celebration of its diamond jubilee in 1922.

Dairying is, of course, the main industry, and Casino possesses the largest butter factory in N.S.W. Millions of pounds of butter are made annually, and as a natural corollary to this industry there are many thousands of pigs in the district.

Although the land is more suited to grazing than agriculture, yet the area under crops is steadily increasing.

There are acres under maize, and the improvement of pastures is of course the main desire of the dairymen.

Timber still plays an important part, and many farmers cultivate corn, millet and potatoes.

Thus in Casino one finds butter, bacon, broom and cheese factories, meat works, brick works, and saw mills.

Casino is one of the best laid out towns on the North Coast, with wide streets, planted with fine trees and garden plots; the business premises as well as the public buildings are of a high standard. The countryside in addition to being a source of wealth to the settlers, is charming in its picturesqueness.

A self-contained town, the centre of an immense district of great potentialities, Casino looks to a future rich with promise and fraught with hope.

All homage to the pioneers who toiled to achieve, and to the sturdy men of the land who are so worthily carrying on their great tradition.



Casino Branch.

**The RURAL BANK  
OF NEW SOUTH WALES**